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DEVOTIONS 3
For the Faithful Departed,

IN HONOUR OF
THE THIRTY-THREE YEARS
OF
Our Lord's Life.

BY A FATHER OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

1641.

Permissu Superiorum.

EDITED BY
EDWARD G. K. BROWNE, ESQ.

TO BE HAD OF THE AUTHOR ONLY, ON APPLICATION TO MISS DALY,
75, GEORGE STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Price Sixpence.

PRAYERS
For the Faithful Departed,

IN HONOUR OF

THE THREE-AND-THIRTY YEARS

OF

Our Lord's Life.

BY A FATHER OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST EDITION,

Permissu Superiorum,

1641.

"By the Prayers of the Holy Catholic Church, and the Wholesome Sacrifice of the Altar, and by Alms given for their souls, it is not to be doubted but that the DEAD are helped that they may be dealt with more mercifully by our Lord than their sins have deserved."—S. AUGUSTIN



J. J. S.

TO BE HAD OF THE EDITOR ONLY, ON APPLICATION TO MISS DALY,
75, GEORGE STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W., OR
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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.



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PREFACE.

THE only apology I can offer for reprinting these Prayers for the Dead, is their beauty and simplicity. I sincerely hope it may be received as I would wish, as an humble offering to the Thirty-three Years spent by our Blessed Lord in working out our salvation.

E. G. K. BROWNE.

Ora pro me Patrona nostra singularis.

Fest. S. Eleutherii, 1860.

24, *Golden Square, London.*

29th *May, 1860.*

SIR,

I hereby authorise you to prefix my *Imprimatur* to your reprint of "Prayers for the Faithful Departed, in honour of the Thirty-three years of the Life of our Blessed Redeemer, by a Father of the Society of Jesus, 1641," such work having been examined by the Rev. Thomas Dyke, S.J., and declared by him to contain nothing contrary to faith or morals, provided the work be published in the Diocese of Westminster.

I am, Sir,

Your very faithful servaut,

EDWARD HEARN,

E. K. Browne, Esq.

V. G.

THESE PAGES,

A reprint of the devotions of an English Father of the Society of Jesus, for the Faithful Departed, who lived in the days of Protestant persecution, when Heretics of every class and grade conspired to destroy that Heaven-born Faith, of which he was probably himself a Confessor in England,

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE

REV. C. CORKRAN, P. P.

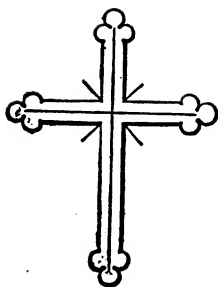
TRACTON,

DIOCESE OF CORK,

BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

EDWARD G. K. BROWNE.

26th day of the sweet month of our Ladye, 1860.





Devotions

FOR THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

First Prayer.

WE salute Thee, Eternal Word and Wisdom of the Father, and beseech Thee, by that infinite charity which drew Thee from the bosom of Thy Eternal Father to choose the pure Immaculate Virgin to be Thy Mother; as also through that admirable work Thou wroughtest in Her Sacred Womb, when 'Thou didst clothe Thy glorious Divinity with our base flesh, and in that sort became our Brother; and gave Thy Glorious Mother unto us for our Advocate and Mother; for which cause we humbly have recourse unto Her, hoping what our own merits cannot obtain, to obtain by Her. Confident whereof, we turn ourselves to Thee, O Sweet Mother of Mercy, and by that inestimable treasure which was inclosed in Thy Virginal Womb; which neither Heaven

nor earth could contain, O Daughter of the Eternal Father, Mother of the Son, and Spouse of the Holy Ghost, we beseech Thee that Thou wilt vouchsafe by Thy intercession to open unto us the same Divine Treasure, and beseech Thy Beloved Son, that through the love HĒ bore Thee, HĒ will receive our petitions for this soul (or these souls) and forgive them in whatsoever they have offended, and by His Holy Birth by Which HĒ hath broken Adam's chains, will be pleased to unloose these poor souls from the chains of their sins. Amen.

Miserere.

Second Prayer.

We salute Thee, O most sweet Lord JESUS, Fountain of mercy, and bright Mirror of all Virtue, and beseech Thee through the extreme poverty and other afflictions which Thou didst endure in Thy Holy Birth and tender Infancy, as also by Thy great Humility, Penance, Fasting, Watching, Praying, and other austerities, that Thou didst bring here upon earth and by Thy painful footsteps going bare-footed and bare-headed through hunger and thirst, cold and heat, labor and weariness, and other miseries which Thou didst suffer hourly and momentarily during Thy life for our salvation, and that immense charity whereby Thou didst offer all these Thy sufferings to Thy celestial Father for the satisfaction of our sins, that Thou wilt mercifully pardon this soul (or these souls) all the offences they have committed against Thee by pride, vain-glory, covetousness,

sensuality, vain cares of temporal things and vanities, and impure thoughts, words, and actions, through the merits of all Thy sufferings, labors, and most holy life and conversation. Amen.

Miserere.

Third Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Eternal Comfort and Sweet Solace of our souls, and beseech Thee, by that infinite Love and Mercy Thou hast always shown to sinners, so immense that no understanding is able to comprehend it; by that Love which made Thee, who art an incomprehensible Treasure, to be sold for thirty pence; and by that Infinite charity wherewith Thou didst give Thyself in the Divine Sacrament to Thy Apostles under the species of Bread and Wine, and to us all as a pledge of our salvation. Through Thy liberality we beseech Thee, O Bread of Angels and Saviour of souls, the Giver and the Gift, that Thou wilt mercifully pardon this soul (or these souls) all the offences he (they) has (have) committed against Thee, by unworthy receiving of this Holy Sacrament without due contrition, right confession, and entire satisfaction, forgive them, O Lord, through Thy infinite Mercy. Amen.

Miserere.

Fourth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Bread of Angels and Comforter of sorrowful hearts, and beseech Thee, by that profound humility with which Thou didst bow down Thy knees at Thy Disciples' feet and washed them, as also through that Holy Sermon Thou didst make unto them and the sorrowful words, saying, My soul is sorrowful unto death, until now ye have not prayed, pray, for whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name He will give it to you. O Loving Lord, through this Thy promise, we beseech Thy Blessed Father through Thee, His only dearly Beloved Son, that He will remember the great anxiety Thy Sacred Humanity did endure when it beheld all those intolerable torments and death it was to undergo, and by the bitter anguish thereof, we beseech Him and Thy sacred Self, mercifully to pardon these souls all they have offended in vain solace, and admit them into Thy eternal Glory. Amen.

Miserere.

Fifth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Merciful Lord Jesus, Sweet Shepherd of our souls, Who for our Redemption hast drunk the chalice of Thy bitter Passion; and beseech Thee, by that painful Agony which Thou didst willingly endure

when kneeling and prostrate on the ground, Thou didst pray three several times to Thy Celestial Father, saying, Father, if it be possible, Let this chalice pass from Me, yet not My Will but Thine be done; at which time Thou didst sweat water and blood through the bitterness of thy anguish; and an Angel came from Heaven to comfort Thee, saying, Arise, go forward courageously, Thou shalt appease Thy Father's Wrath, Thou shalt break Adam's bands and redeem mankind. After which Thou didst go to Thy Disciples, and finding them asleep, saidst, Arise let us go, for he that betrayeth me is at hand. O dear Lord, through that Thy willing resignation to suffer death, to fulfil the Will of Thy Heavenly Father, and through Thy sorrowful Agony and Bloody Sweat, we beseech Thee to pardon these poor souls all the offences they have committed against Thy Divine pleasure or the obedience of their Superiors and through Thy holy and fervent prayer, receive our humble prayers and petitions for them. Amen.

Miserere.

Sixth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Lord Jesus, and beseech Thee by that inflamed Charity wherewith Thou didst go to meet the traitor Judas, asking him and the rest whom they sought? and they answering, Jesus of Nazareth. Thou answered I am He, through the power of which words they all fell twice on the ground: after which, giving them

power to rise, Thou didst meekly receive the kiss of the traitor Judas, saying to him, whereto art thou come, to betray the Son of man with a kiss? We thank Thee, O Most Sweet Saviour for all these mercies, and beseech Thee, through the merits of them, to forgive these souls whatsoever they have offended, in detraction, murmuring, unprofitable friendships, or any other offence; and beseech Thee, by that infinite Love and Charity wherewith Thou didst desire to pardon Judas, that Thou wilt have mercy upon these poor souls, and pardon them all the sins they have committed against Thee. Amen.

Miserere.

Seventh Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Lord Jesus, and present unto Thee that Patience wherewith Thou didst suffer Thyself to be furiously apprehended by the wicked Jews, who seized upon Thee as if Thou hadst been some thief or wicked malefactor, and bound Thy Sacred Hands so cruelly behind Thee that the Blood sprung forth from Thy Nails; then wert Thou forsaken of all Thy Friends, and left in the cruel hands of those impious and most inhuman slaves, who pulling and beating Thee, gave Thee many cruel blows, and in that manner led Thee to the house of Annas the High Priest, who, imperiously examining Thee of Thy Disciples and Doctrine, Thou answeredst, I have taught openly in the Temple, whither all the people resort, and in secret have I said nothing; why askest thou Me? ask those that heard

Me ; for which one of the servants that stood by gave Thee so cruel a blow on the Face, that Thy teeth loosened in Thy Head, saying, Answerest Thou the High Priest so ? Others spurned Thee, struck Thee and spat on that Divine Face, which Celestial Spirits are never satisfied to behold. O Dearest Lord Jesus, we render infinite thanks to Thy immense Charity, for all these Thy Sufferings, and humbly beseech Thee, by them, and by those Merciful Eyes where-with Thou didst behold S. Peter, that Thou wilt look with the same Eye of Pity upon these souls, and loose them from all their chains, and forgive them all their sins, through the manifold torments Thou didst endure that night. Amen.

Miserere.

Eighth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Saviour, sole Comfort of sinners, and present unto Thee how furiously those cruel tigers led Thee bound to Caiaphas before whom Thou stood like a meek Lamb and heard the false witness they brought against Thee ; how Thou went about to seduce the people, and taught them false doctrine ; that Thou saidst that Thou couldst destroy the Temple, and in three days rebuild it. Then Caiaphas adjured Him by the Living God to tell him if Thou wert Christ the Son of God, to whom Thou answered, Thou sayest that I am ; whereupon he rent his clothes, and said He hath blasphemed, what need we any more witnesses ; at which they all cried out He is worthy of death—and furiously rushing

at Thee, spat upon Thy Face, buffeted and beat Thee cruelly, striking Thee on Thy Holy Neck and Face, and head, blindfolding Thee, and giving Thee cruel blows, and saying in derision and scorn, Prophecy O Christ who is it that struck Thee. For which suffering, pain, and inhuman insults we render Thee infinite thanks, O Most Sweet Lord Jesus, and humbly beseech Thee, by their merits, to forgive these souls if at any time they have been guilty of detraction, and through all Thy merits to pardon whatever they have committed against Thee. Amen.

Miserere.

Ninth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Jesus, Almighty Power and incomprehensible Wisdom of God, and present unto Thee how these raging dogs led Thee furiously to Pilate, demanding the sentence of death against Thee; he then sent Thee to Herod who greatly rejoiced at Thy coming, hoping to have seen some Miracle wrought by Thee, but Thou didst not answer him a word, but stood like a mild Lamb, holding Thy peace; which Herod seeing, he caused Thee to be mocked, scorned, and clothed in a white garment, like a fool; set in derision a crown upon Thy Head, and spit in Thy Face, striking Thee, and saying, All hail King of Israel. After which he sent Thee back to Pilate, saying, he thought he had sent him a wise man, but he saw He was a very fool. O Sweet Saviour, how many and great.

insults did they heap on Thee by the way, casting stones and filth at Thee. O Eternal Wisdom of the Father how art Thou derided, how art Thou defiled and insulted! O Dearest Lord, we render infinite thanks to Thee for all these Thy contumelies, scorns, and insults, and humbly beseech Thee by them to pardon these souls all their unthankfulness for Thy bitter Passion, and all want of charity towards their neighbours. Amen.

Miserere.

Tenth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O most Sweet Lord Jesus, Eternal God and true Man, and present unto Thee the great humility wherewith Thou stood before Pilate, meek and silent; ready to suffer all shame and confusion, insults and injuries, they could do against Thee. Pilate said unto Thee what hast Thou done, that all the world is thus offended against Thee, as also many other questions he asked Thee, unto which Thou didst not answer. Then Pilate said he found no cause of death in Thee; but they all cried and exclaimed against Thee, saying, Thou wert a breaker of the Law, and called Thyself the Son of God, unto whom Thou answered, Thou hast said that I am. For this cause came I into the world, that I should give testimony of the Truth. After which Pilate said again to the Jews, I find no cause of death in this man; but they with furious clamour said, He is worthy of death. Pilate then answered, I will correct Him and dismiss Him. O Good Jesus, O

Son of the Living God, O Sovereign King of Glory, we render Thee infinite thanks for all these Thy Sufferings, and humbly beseech Thee, by them, to pardon these poor souls all the offences they have committed against Thee through false, bitter, angry, or vain words. Amen.

Miserere.

Eleventh Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Lord Jesus, and present to Thee Thy shameful unclothing, when the cruel soldiers' fingers with furious anger pulled off Thy Garments, and Thou didst meekly help them, it being Thy desire to suffer for us, who having stripped Thee naked, bound Thee to a pillar with such inhuman cruelty, that Thy Blood gushed forth at Thy Nails, and they scourged Thee so barbarously with whips, whereon were iron hooks, laying stripe upon stripe and wound upon wound, that they rent and tore Thy Sacred Body all over and left not so much as one whole piece of skin upon Thee, then they unbound Thee and leaning Thy Breast forward, bound Thy hands over Thy Head and scourged Thee so cruelly on one side that all Thy Sacred Flesh being rent off Thy Bones, that Thy Bowels were discovered, then they unloosed Thee from the pillar, and in that lamentable manner, Wounded and Bathed in Thy Blood, they put an old purple robe in scorn upon Thee. O Dearest Jesus, I render Thee infinite thanks for all these Thy Sufferings and intolerable shame and torment, and humbly beseech Thee by all the merits of them and of Thy Sacred Wounds,

and all the Drops of Thy Most Precious Blood, that Thou wilt have mercy upon these poor souls, and pardon all their sins and offences which they have committed against Thee. Amen.

Miserere.

Twelfth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O most sweet Jesus, Sovereign King of Angels, and shining among the Saints, and present unto Thee how these cruel miscreants, after they had so inhumanly scourged Thee, set upon Thy Sacred Head a Crown of sharp and pricking Thorns, which they struck with cruel blows into Thy Head, and kneeling down before Thee in scorn, saluted Thee, saying, All hail, King of the Jews ; after which they pulled off the Crown of Thorns and set it on again with intolerable torment to Thee, spitting on Thy Divine Face, Which was all covered with Blood, Swelled, Disfigured, and Deformed, giving Thee cruel blows, stoning and deriding Thee ; O Dearest Lord Jesus, O Most Merciful Father and Saviour, we present unto Thee all these pains, and so give Thee infinite thanks for all these Thy Sufferings, and these most cruel torments Thou didst endure in Thy Sacred Head, humbly beseeching Thee by them mercifully to pardon these poor souls all that they have offended Thee in hearing, seeing, speaking, eating, drinking, or vain uttering of their tongues, or by evil using the three powers of their souls : forgive them, Sweet Jesus, through Thy Infinite Mercy. Amen.

Miserere.

Thirteenth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Jesus, Eternal King of Glory, and present unto Thee the intolerable shame and torment Thou didst endure when Pilate led Thee out to the people wearing the Crown of Thorns and Purple Garment, and said, Behold the Man: and the cursed multitude seeing Thee so disfigured and wounded, had no compassion on Thee, but most inhumanly cried out, "Take Him away! take Him away! Crucify Him! crucify Him!" O Sacred Lord, we give Thee infinite thanks for these Thy cruel torments, shame, and ignominy, and beseech Thee to present Thyself, with them and all Thy other Merits, to Thy Heavenly Father for these souls, for their eternal reconciliation, and clothe them with Thy Merits, and so present them to Him as a fruit of Thy bitter Passion. Amen.

Miserere.

Fourteenth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Lord Jesus, God of Infinite Power and Majesty, and represent unto Thee how Pilate, going to his judgment-seat, caused Him to be brought again before him (when Thou stood humbly with bent Head and Eyes), and said to the Jews, I have chastised Him, and will you that I should let Him go? But they

all cried out, Crucify Him! crucify Him! Then Pilate said, Will you that I should release Barabbas and crucify Jesus? They all cried out, Yes, let Him be crucified, for He hath deserved the shameful death of the Cross. Then Pilate washed his hands and said, I am innocent of the Blood of this Just Man; but they all cried out, Let His Blood be upon us and upon our children. O dearest Saviour, O Fountain of all Goodness, the Father of Mercy, and God of all Consolation, we call upon Thee with all our hearts and with all our souls and affections, most humbly beseeching that Thou wilt vouchsafe to let Thy Precious Blood come as truly upon these poor souls for the forgiveness and remission of all their sins, as it hath done upon the Jews to their eternal condemnation. Then Pilate gave the sentence of death against Jesus. O dearest Saviour, through this sentence of death which Thou receivedst with so great humility, we humbly beseech Thee mercifully to pardon these poor souls in whatsoever they have offended by any evil or rash judgment of their neighbour, either by thought, word, or deed. Amen.

Miserere.

Fifteenth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Jesus, Most Meek Bearer of our infirmities, and offer to Thee that great charity wherewith Thou didst embrace the heavy Cross that the cruel Jews laid upon thy Wounded Shoulders, the weight whereof caused Thee to bow down even to the

ground, being so faint that Thou couldst scarce walk or draw Thy breath, in which pitiful plight Thou wert dragged forward by the Jews, who often struck Thee on Thy Sacred Head, and cast stones and filth at Thee. O Dearest Lord, through the heavy burden of the Cross, which Thou so willingly carried for our sins, we beseech Thee that Thou wilt deliver these souls from all their pains, and through the serious Wound inflicted on thy Shoulder by the heavy Cross, we beseech Thee to comfort them in the same Holy Wound, and by Thy Painful Footsteps forgive them their sinful footsteps, and lead them into Eternal Glory, and through the Sorrow of Thy Blessed Mother, and the Compassion Thou felt for Her, pardon these poor souls whatsoever they have offended Thee by omission of their duty, either corporal or spiritual, towards their parents. Amen.

Miserere.

Sixteenth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Lord Jesus Christ, Who clothest the lilies and flowers with colours and beauty, and present to Thee Thy painful disrobing when before so many and so great a multitude of people, they so furiously pulled off Thy Garments, which stuck so fast to Thy Wounds that with the pain of pulling them off they tore off also Thy Skin and Flesh, with most intolerable pain and torment to Thee, Who stood in that terrible plight, naked and trembling with cold and shame in the sight of all the world, and streams of Thy Most Precious Blood pouring from all

parts of Thy Sacred Body. O Most Sweet Jesus, never did bridegroom go to his bridal chamber with such love as Thou went towards the Cross ; O Dearest Saviour, never did prince go more willingly to receive his crown than Thou went to the Cross whereon these impious vile miscreants most cruelly fastened Thee, and Thou didst most willingly stretch forth Thy Holy Body upon it, suffering them most inhumanly to stretch forth and nail Thy Right Hand thereunto. O Sovereign Lord and Sweet Redeemer, we render infinite thanks to Thy goodness for all these Thy cruel pains and torments, and beseech Thee by them to forgive these poor souls all they have offended through pride of dress or any other offence or sin. Amen.

Miserere.

Seventeenth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Jesus, Dear Father of our souls, and present to Thee that agonising cruelty wherewith these barbarous wretches drew Thy other Hand with a cord to the hole they had made in the Cross in such a way that Thy Bones were fractured, Thy Wounds made wider, and all Thy Veins and Sinews burst, and then they nailed that Hand to the Cross as they had done the Other. O Dearest Lord, we render Thee infinite thanks for that intolerable torment Thou didst endure in that cruel nailing of Thy Hands to the Cross, and beseech Thee by these Sacred Wounds mercifully to pardon these poor souls all the sins and offences they have committed against Thee. Amen.

Miserere.

Eighteenth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Lord Jesus, Merciful Mediator between the Eternal Father and us miserable sinners, and present to Thee that cruelty wherewith the cursed Jews stretched forth Thy Sacred Legs so violently with a cord that all Thy Veins and Sinews were burst, and nailed Thy Holy Feet to the Cross with huge nails, patiently suffering them to do whatever they wished, as if Thou hadst said, I am here to accomplish My Father's Will and to redeem mankind. O what great and excessive pain did every stroke of the hammer cause Thy Heart and that of Thy Blessed Mother. O Dearest Saviour, we render Thee infinite thanks for the intolerable torture Thou didst endure in the agonising nailing of Thy Sacred Feet, and that immense love and charity wherewith Thou didst suffer it, most humbly beseeching Thee thereby to pardon these poor souls all they have done against Thee sleeping or waking, through the painful torments and ignominy of the Cross. Amen.

Miserere.

Nineteenth Prayer.

O Most Sweet Lord Jesus, we humbly salute Thee and present to Thee that pitiful elevating of the Cross, whereby

Thy cruel enemies did shake Thy Sacred Body, insulting Thee most grievously, letting the Cross fall, after they had raised it, violently into the hole they had made in the ground, whereby Thy Wounds were rent open, and Thy Precious Blood flowed in great abundance, as from a river. O Dearest Saviour, with what infinite charity didst Thou hang there to make satisfaction for all past sins, as well as present and future, for which we render Thee eternal thanks, and humbly beseech Thee to let one Drop of Thy Precious Blood which Thou didst then shed, descend upon these poor souls for a full satisfaction of all the sins they have committed during the whole course of their lives. Amen.

Miserere.

Twentieth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Jesus, Who knowest the desires of our hearts before they are made known in words, and present to Thee that great charity wherewith, hanging on the Cross Thou didst pray for Thy enemies, saying, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do, which merciful prayer of Thine was of such avail that it converted many of those who were guilty of Thy Blood; O True Comforter of all sorrowful hearts, we beseech Thee through the merit of that Thy prayer, that Thou wilt vouchsafe now to pray to Thy Heavenly Father for these poor souls, that they may be fully pardoned all their

sins and offences as those who were then received into grace through the merits of Thy Precious Blood. Amen.

Miserere.

Twenty-first Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Sovereign Lord Jesus, Sweet Father of Mercy, and present unto Thee how, hanging between two thieves, the one whereof blasphemed Thee, the other besought Thee to be mindful of him when Thou camest into Thy Kingdom, whom Thou didst bountifully pardon and receive into Thy Mercy in such sort as he was the first to whom Thou didst promise Paradise, through which most Infinite Mercy we beseech Thee, as also through the merits of Thy Precious Blood which Thou didst impart to the thief, to let the same Precious Blood descend upon these poor souls, with a full forgiveness of their sins, and through Thy Infinite Mercy bring them into Thy everlasting glory. Amen.

Miserere.

Twenty-second Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Blessed Jesus, Sweet Solace of the sorrowful, and offer unto Thee all that internal

suffering on seeing Thy Dearest Mother standing beneath the Cross overwhelmed by grief through love and compassion for Thee, whom Thou didst commend to Thy beloved Disciple S. John, which greatly removed her grief and bitter sorrow for Thy death ; O Dearest Lord, through the love that Thou didst show Thy Sweet Mother during Thy torments, we humbly commend unto Thy Merciful goodness these poor souls, beseeching Thee to deliver them from all pain and torment through Thy Merits and the Merits of Thy Blessed Mother. Amen.

Miserere.

Twenty-third Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Lord Jesus, Sovereign Shepherd of Thy Holy Church and Faithful Forgiver of sins, and offer unto Thee that sorrowful Prayer Thou madest unto Thy Heavenly Father when Thou saidst, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me ? He having left Thy Holy Humanity destitute of all help and comfort in that Thy bitter Agony, for all which we humbly thank Thee and beseech Thee by them and the Merits of Thy Sacred Prayer, that Thou wilt most mercifully hear our humble prayers which we now present to Thee for these poor souls, and deliver them through Thy Infinite Mercy and Merits from their pain and torment. Amen.

Miserere.

Twenty-fourth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Sweet Jesus, Fountain of Living Waters, and represent unto Thee how Thou didst say I thirst, which thirst must have been very great, for there was not a single Drop of Blood in Thy whole Body, but chiefly Thou didst thirst for our salvation, for which we humbly thank Thee, as also for the bitter gall and vinegar Thou didst take, and the Sweet Sorrow Thou hadst, remembering that Thy Bitter Wrath would be of no avail to so many souls, all which we humbly offer to Thee, O Most Sweet Saviour, and beseech Thee that Thou wilt let Thy Precious Blood descend on these poor souls to refresh them and to deliver them from all their pains. Amen.

Miserere.

Twenty-fifth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Jesus, Inestimable Treasure of Divine Riches, and represent unto Thee how at the end of Thy life Thou didst call to mind all the Holy Works Thou hadst done all Thy life and offered them altogether to Thy Heavenly Father, saying, It is consummated, we most humbly beseech Thee to offer this Inesti-

mable Treasure of Thy Merits, which never diminish, to Thy Heavenly Father for these poor souls, and therewith pay all the debts of their sins. Amen.

Miserere.

Twenty-sixth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Jesus, Giver of life to all creatures and Sovereign Ruler of Life and Death, and represent unto Thee Thy hanging on the Cross all covered and disfigured with black Wounds and a deadly paleness at the time of Thy Death, when casting down thy Heavenly Eyes bedimmed with Tears, and bowing down Thy Head crowned with thorns, to show Thy obedience to Thy Heavenly Father and to reconcile Thy Church to Him, Thou gave up Thy Sacred Soul, saying with a loud voice, Father, into Thy Hands I commend My Spirit; O Crucified Lord, as Thou didst commend Thy Spirit into Thy Father's Hands, so we commend these poor souls to Thine, beseeching Thee to reconcile them to Thy Heavenly Father and offer Thy Precious Blood and Bitter Death to Him for a full pardon and remission of all their sins. O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, we beseech Thee, through Thy Seven Words, so full of Mercy and Mystery, that Thou wilt mercifully pardon the poor souls in all that they have offended Thee in the seven deadly sins or any one of them. Amen.

Miserere.

Twenty-seventh Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Jesus, the Conqueror of Death, descending with the banner of Thy Cross into hell, O how were those prisoners, who had for so many years expected Thee, comforted when they saw Thee, and knew Thee to be God and Man, their Lord and Redeemer, and that Adam said I see here the Hand that framed Me, O Dearest Saviour, we beseech Thee through the joy those holy souls felt when Thou didst lead them out of their infernal prison, by the ineffable sweetness felt by Thyself when Thou beheld the first happy fruit of Thy Death and Passion, that Thou wilt lead forth these poor souls out of their captivity. Amen.

Miserere.

Twenty-eighth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Jesus, Fountain of Love and Mercy, and represent unto Thee how Longinus opened Thy Side with a spear which transpierced Thy sacred Heart, out of which flowed both Water and Blood. O dearest Lord we most humbly thank Thee for this most liberal effusion of Thy Sacred Blood, and humbly beseech Thee

by It to receive these poor souls into Thy Sacred Wounds and Heart, and cleanse them by Thy Precious Blood, and by the five Wounds of thy Hands, Feet, and Heart, and all the other most sacred Wounds of Thy most Precious Body mercifully to pardon all their sins. Amen.

Miserere.

Twenty-ninth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Lord Jesus, the Innocent Sacrificed Lamb, and represent unto Thee how Thy Wounded Body was taken down from the Cross and laid in the lap of Thy sorrowful Mother, from which Cross Thou didst not descend until Thou hadst accomplished the world's redemption. O dearest Lord, through that Thy infinite Mercy and all other merits of Thy Bitter Passion, we humbly beseech Thee to unloose these poor souls from all the chains wherewith they have bound themselves by their sins and we humbly beseech Thee also, O Sacred Mother of God, through Thy Sorrow and Compassion, on seeing the Wounded and Mangled Body of Thy Dearest Son lying dead on Thy lap, that Thou wilt offer His and Thy Merits for these poor souls unto the Eternal Father, to obtain for them a full pardon and remission of all their sins. Amen.

Miserere.

Thirtieth Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Lord Jesus, and offer unto Thee Thy Holy Burial, how after all Thy Labours and Miseries Thou didst rest in Thy Grave; we humbly beseech Thee to give these souls rest in the Holy City of Heaven, and forgive them, who have so often withdrawn their souls from Thee by the distraction of temporal things and not allowed Thee, their lawful King, to rest in their hearts. Amen.

Miserere.

Thirty-first Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Most Sweet Lord Jesus, the Joy of Angels and Salvation of men, and represent unto Thee Thy glorious Resurrection and joyful apparition to Thy Holy Mother and dear Friends, through which we humbly beseech Thee, O Conqueror of Death, that Thou wilt, with Thy Divine Power, show Thyself to these poor souls and terminate all their bitter pains. Amen.

Miserere.

Thirty-second Prayer.

We salute Thee, O Sovereign King of Glory, and represent to Thee Thy Glorious and Triumphant Ascension and Assumption of those souls who had so long expected their redemption, and we most humbly beseech Thee, Sweet Saviour through Thy infinite goodness to lead these poor souls where they may for ever see Thy Divine and Heavenly Face; O Good Jesus and Dear Saviour, we beseech Thee by Thy Holy Conversation and painful Passion, to pardon them all their sins and bring them to Thy Eternal Rest and the fruition of Thy Glory. Amen.

Miserere.

Thirty-third Prayer.

We salute Thee O Eternal Uncreated Son of God, full of Grace and Mercy, the Reward of all who hope in Thee, most humbly beseeching Thee mercifully to forgive us all our omission of intention in these prayers, and let them not be, through our coldness, less meritorious to these poor souls, but receive them according to the worthiness of the Sacred Mysteries mentioned therein; through that infinite Love wherewith they were accomplished and the worthiness of

Him who wrought them, by all which we humbly beseech Thee to deliver these poor souls from all pain, and make them glad in Thy Heavenly Presence for all Eternity. Amen.

Miserere.

The Conclusion.

O Most Sweet Lord Jesus, Sovereign Lord and Life of our souls, we humbly beseech Thee to incline Thy ears to our prayers, and deliver these souls from all pain, and admit them to thy Eternal Glory. Let Thy Precious Blood, Thy Sacred Wounds, Thy Cruel Torments, Thy Bitter Passion, Innocent Death, Noble Soul, and the prayers and merits of Thy Sacred Mother and all the Holy Angels and Saints, be unto them a full satisfaction for all their sins, negligences, and omissions, and suffer not their souls, whom thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood, to be separated from Thee; O Redeemer of the world, we humbly offer these prayers to Thy transpierced Heart, beseeching Thee to grant them the fruition of Thy Eternal Glory. Amen.

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